

1920
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THE TIGER



MARCH EDITION

IPSWICH OPERA HOUSE

BIG ATTRACTIONS

COMING

AURORA MARDIGANIAN

in

AUCTION OF SOULS

MME. NAZIMOVA

in

THE BRAT

HENRY WALTHALL

in

THE CONFESSION

DOROTHY PHILLIPS

in

THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS

MARY PICKFORD

in

DADDY LONG LEGS

ALLAN DAWN'S

SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE

MARSHALL NEILAN'S

THE RIVERS END

NORMA TALMADGE

in

A DAUGHTER OF TWO WORLDS

NELL SHIPMAN

in

BACK TO GOD'S COUNTRY

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THE TIGER

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No. 3

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EDITORIAL.

In view of the improvements which a new era has imposed upon the community in general, it is only fitting that the Manning High School should appropriate a sufficient sum to insure a sanitary, attractive, and restful apartment to be used by the pupils and teachers for any emergency which may arise. For instance, pupils coming from Rowley are often obliged to wait for the six o'clock train. How much better it would be for the pupils to assemble in one comfortable room and study than to be scattered throughout the building with no conducement for study! Moreover in cases of a sudden and severe illness the school offers no accommodations.

I propose that this room be chosen from one of those on the first floor, room three being probably the most desirable and the one which can best be spared from all other purposes. This room is situated on the south west corner of the building; and since the desks are not stationary, could be remodeled with the least possible expense.

This room may well be used as a double convenience. A reference room or library has long been a necessity for this school and the Assembly Hall has been used for that purpose. Book cases could easily be placed where the black boards are now, thereby eliminating the necessity of taking down the blackboards and refinishing the surface. A long reading table, sev-

eral chairs, an easy chair, a sofa and a rug for the floor would satisfactorily complete this arrangement. Assuredly the pupils of the High School will be sufficiently in-

terested to make draperies for the windows and to see that the room is made as attractive as possible in every way.

M. E. G., '20.

School spirit, as I know it, is the true loyalty each pupil should possess for his school. It means upholding and standing by the school in every thing it does or tries to do for the good of the school or for any worthy cause. It includes comprehension of what the school tries to do for the pupil and realization of what the pupil owes the school.

Some pupils have the idea that the words, "High School," mean merely the building and, perhaps, the masterpieces of art inside it or the grounds surrounding it, and when questioned concerning the school, give these all the praise that is due them, and then stop. They have no laudable term to apply to the educational facilities their school is offering. Perhaps they do not know what they are. Even for their companions and teachers some can find no favorable words to bring their school up to a higher standing. But these are only a few; the average pupil and the true hearted one will always be exceedingly careful not to say, or do, anything which will bring discredit on his school.

Besides speaking well of the school and all associated with it, the real way of showing the ideal school spirit is to act. Any one can speak well, but true, loyal pupils will act well too. "Actions speak louder than words." Attend all the social functions possible and uphold the Athletic Association. Do every thing in your power to keep the appearance of the school at its best. Be true to your own ideals of conduct and be ready to do your share, whether it be in the study hall, in recitations, in games or in class socials.

When any little class affair is started and meetings are held, why is it only about three-quarters of the class show real, live interest in the subject discussed while a good portion of the class sit and giggle and fool and when a motion is put to a vote, simply follow the majority without the least idea whether they really should or should not? Then do these pupils attend the affairs? Oh, yes to be sure a great many do! And did they have a pleasant time? Yes. And then comes forth a little gush of small talk. Such and such a one always has so much to do in making arrangements for the parties. Why isn't some one else given a chance? That is not the proper spirit. The one who indulges in such petty talk lowers herself and her companions in the estimation of those interested in school affairs.

The same over-readiness to criticize and unwillingness to do one's part is found among some of the boys in regard to Athletics, although it is a very poor sort of boy who will not uphold the Athletic Association, by taking part in all the sports whether winter or summer, and, if unable to take part in the game itself, at least by going and cheering for his crowd. Every one knows what a splendid wide-awake Hockey Team we have because they have the spirit and grit to pull all together. If a team doesn't win all the time, that is no reason why it should not be encouraged. Perhaps if all was explained it would be found that the boys had been "Up against it." They will do their level best under any circumstances.

We all hope that, no matter how slow

we may have been in the past, everyone will rise to the occasion in the coming baseball season. Manning High must make a name for itself this year and it will too, for it is reported that a splendid team is going to be put in practice. When the

games begin, let us every one help to make them winning games, by loud cheering and a glad, happy, encouraging word for each participant. Then—see if they don't win!

B. C., '20.

THE LAST STRONGHOLD.

Herah Din and his son, Raj, stood on their ancestral burial mound looking over their last stronghold. It was a little valley shut in by mountains, casting long shadows in the dying sunset. The mountains, towering and steep, entirely enclosed it except at the southern end, where a narrow cleft gave entrance. Through the valley murmured a languid and meandering stream from which was rising a soft, gray mist in the gathering dusk.

The mound stood in the center of the valley and Herah Din's last city nestled at the foot of it. The city was squalid, dirty and poverty stricken. All of its inhabitants had fled at the approach of the English, pursuing Herah—"The Curse of the Northern Frontier."

Herah Din was stricken in years, broken, defeated, and driven from one end of India to the other by relentless Britain. He had come finally to die at his first and last resting place, the valley of his fathers. He had already set on fire the flimsy city and now father and son stood together on the mound, awaiting the English. Herah turning to his son, said, "Raj, my fight is over. For sixty years have I carried fire and sword to the plain. The plain dwellers I have harried with murder and pillage. My path was a trail of blood. Burning villages lighted my way. The length and breadth of India knows my name. England has ever stretched forth her arm to seize me, but I have evaded her grasping fingers. Now I am driven to my last stronghold. The peaks which you in your youth can climb, shut off my worn out

body from escape. The long years of ceaseless watching, riding, and fighting have claimed their toll and have made me old and feeble. The city of my ancestors is melting in fire and I shall not outlive it."

Herah Din drew himself up proudly on his horse. From the top of the mound he threw a long and steady glance around his ancestral valley. He saw the gently flowing river shining in the moonlight, the level plain, the burning city, the ring of mountains and finally the English just coming through the South Pass.

Herah and the English saw each other at the same time. To the English he appeared a statue carved in granite, black against the rising moon. They saw him stand poised a minute. Then, as if starting on an avenging raid of blood and death, he dashed madly down the mound towards the fire. A pause, a leap, and horse and man were sunk in the devouring sea of flame.

A little later the retreating English saw Raj—a portent of many long years of terror—standing on a high cliff taking a farewell look at the last stronghold of his race. Above him stretched sheer, beetling crags; below was the little valley, swathed in the black shadows of the peaks, but still lighted fitfully from the last glowing embers of the fire. The little stream babbled on gently as before and over it the mountains kept watch—cold, stern, gloomy, towering, changeless, ever calm and still.

HOWARD DOUGHTY, '21.

"CAR OR FATHER?"

"Daddy, don't forget, today is my birthday," piped Rose Henderson to her father at the breakfast table, on that all-important day.

"What would you like, my dear?" asked her father.

"You know very well that I want a car for my very own. I have told you ever so many times," she said with feigned haughtiness.

Her father said nothing to this, but, the breakfast over, he rose and went over to his daughter and patted her affectionately.

Mr. Henderson was an elderly man, with one daughter, who, on this particular day, was to celebrate her eighteenth birthday by a party. The Hendersons were the wealthiest people in Clifftondale and they owned the most beautiful and the largest house in that place.

Rose accompanied her father to the door, where she kissed him good bye, and then went to the window to watch his big grey car roll off.

Until this morning she had had no doubt, whatsoever, of having her car for her father had never refused her anything. Now, it was different. He had been unusually silent and grave this morning, and he spoke absently, when speaking of her birthday, as if his mind were not where his body was.

The Henderson household was all in a bustle making preparations for the coming party, and Rose was kept pretty busy. At six o'clock, she was called to the 'phone to find that it was her father speaking. He told her that he would not be home until late that evening, for he had extra things to attend to at the office.

This bit of information struck her like a thunderbolt, for it shattered all hopes of getting the car which she so much want-

ed. She was almost angry with her father.

At eight o'clock she entered the drawing room looking as beautiful as a fairy. Her guests were all there and the evening looked promising. Later, when the young people were preparing to indulge in the birthday repast, a servant entered, bearing a note for "Miss Rose." She took the note, attempting to read it in mockery, but having read it, her mockery soon changed to horror. To be sure that she had not seen and read it wrong, she reread it.

"Miss Rose Henderson:

Come at once to your father's office. He is ill and in great danger.

Sincerely,

Thomas Paige,

Secretary."

Without even excusing herself, she donned her cloak, ran to the garage, took the first car she came to, and was on the way to her father's office, breaking all speed records, before the people in the house had come to their senses.

When she reached her destination, she rushed into the office and there, in the middle of the floor, as calm as ever, stood her father. She stared at him wide-eyed, and with a gasp, fell fainting to the floor.

Later when she came to, her father was bending eagerly over her.

"Why did you do it? What made you send me that note? Oh! I am so glad you're all right."

"My dear," he said, "I did it because I thought you were getting selfish and I was afraid that you loved your prospective car, better than you loved me, but I guess I was wrong, and even if I wasn't, there is no trace of selfishness in my little girl now."

Rose looked up at her father, "Yes,

father, I was selfish, but this has been a lesson to me, and I love my dear old daddy better than anything else in the world."

"But how did you like your car?"

"My car? Why you didn't get me any car, did you, daddy?"

"Well, well, that is the limit. I guess my daughter does love her father after all, if she didn't notice the car that she drove down to him in."

At this Rose bounded out into the street, and there, sure enough, was the car that she had left, all shining and new with her initials on the side.

She turned to her father and flung her arms around him, crying, "Oh! Daddy, I am so happy!" Her father replied, "So am I."

HILDA SCALES, '21.

IPSWICH PAST AND PRESENT.

The little town of Agawam, now called Ipswich, is situated on Massachusetts Bay, at the mouth of the Ipswich River. It was settled about 1633. The settlers found plenty of fish in the rivers and the soil was fine for raising vegetables. The town was first governed by "The Seven Men." As time went on and there was more business to attend to, the number of men increased. When Ipswich was first settled it covered much more territory than it does now. The whole of Essex, part of Manchester, Rowley, Topsfield, and corners of other towns were included in it.

All the people at that time were very early risers, most of them getting up before the sun. Some fished for a living, others were farmers, while still others ran grist and saw-mills. One man had a shipyard on the river bank; another had a tanning establishment for curing sheep skins and manufacturing gloves. This establishment was situated on County Road opposite what is now the Giles Fermin Garden. A soap factory once stood where that garden is now. The women spent their time in spinning, and weaving their own cloth, in making candles, butter, and cheese, and in knitting for the whole family. Lace was made in the old house which stands at the entrance of the foot-bridge on South Main Street.

All labor stopped at 3 o'clock Saturday afternoon in order to prepare for Sunday. On Sunday morning people came to church at the ringing of the bell, usually about nine o'clock, and stayed until afternoon.

The quiet homes have been completely transformed. When the old time house-keeper started the morning fire, she used flint and steel until she made a spark in the tinder, and then, by applying a stick tipped with sulphur and by blowing, she got a blaze. In 1823, the phosphorus matches came into use and the tinder box was put away forever. Candles gave but a dim light. Tall glass lamps in which whale oil was burned, gave a smoky but brighter blaze. The solar lamp with its circular wick, glass chimney, and globe was the crowning device for light. Later came the kerosene lamp, and finally, the gas and electric lights.

Any room was good enough for a bed room, even a closet if it was large enough to put a bed in. The parlors at that time were usually kept closed. The floor was covered with a bright woolen carpet, under which was a layer of hay to make the floor soft. As the hay absorbed moisture, it gave the closed room a musty smell.

On the main street the most exciting sight was the stage as it rolled through the town on its daily trip from Boston to

Portsmouth. The first railroad train came through Ipswich in December 1839. In the time table trains were advertised to start "at about" such a time.

In 1878 the bicycle came into use. The front wheel was five or six feet in diameter while the back one was very small. The rider's seat was on top of the big wheel, which was far from being a safe place. In a few years this dangerous type of bicycle was rejected for the safe and useful kind which is still in use.

In 1895 two new modes of travel were introduced. The first "horse-less carriages" appeared, to be followed by the numberless automobiles which now pass in an endless stream through the town. In the same year, the first electric car was seen in Ipswich.

Many new streets have been made. East Street, High Street, and South Main Street are the oldest. When Choate Bridge was built in 1764, the people of the town did not believe it would hold a horse and a certain man was dared to ride over it, a feat which he accomplished without harm. The bridge is the oldest stone arch bridge in this part of the country. Before it was built, there was a fording place near the present site of the mill dam. Central Street was made in 1871 and in 1874 the Manning High School was erected.

All the oldest homes were located near springs, as these were the only water supply. Finally, people began to dig wells and pump their water. Then came the cistern. In 1894 the present water supply was installed, taking its water from Dow's Brook.

Two old instruments of punishment were the whipping post and the stocks.

The whipping post was located on the Meeting House Green on the south east side of the North Church. A tree now marks the spot. When a person did any-

thing wrong he was tied to the post and whipped. If the offense was slight he was compelled to sit with his feet in the stocks and be exposed to the ridicule of his neighbors. The first fire companies were called fire clubs, and were organized about 1800. Every member had two leather buckets hung in his front hall or in some other convenient place. On the alarm he seized the buckets and a large canvas bag and hurried to the fire. The bags were used in saving small articles about the house. The members of the club and the citizens formed two lines from the nearest well, one line passing the full buckets to the fire, the other returning the empty ones.

A fire engine was bought in 1803. It was small and had no suction hose. Water was poured into the tub, as it was called, by hand buckets and a small length of hose carried the stream to the fire. Around 1890 a great fire destroyed all the buildings from what is now Chapman's store to Tyler's Corner. At the town meeting in 1894 it was voted that the town should buy a steam fire engine. The chemical is the latest addition to the fire department.

The contrast between Ipswich in the 17th century and Ipswich today is surprising but great. Now there are large stores, mills, churches, banks, a town hall, and many kinds of buildings. There are also machines for doing almost every kind of work, so labor has been greatly lessened, and the daily life of the inhabitants revolutionized. Imagine the amazement and unbelief if a colonial housewife, tediously clicking off the stitches of her goodman's sock by the sputtering light of her tallow dip, could have been granted a vision of a room, flooded with electric light at the turning of a switch, and crowded with machines each knitting an entire stocking in less than ten minutes.

MARY NOURSE, '20.

CONTENTMENT AND MAY ELLEN.

"I wish," said May Ellen, "I didn't have to wash dishes."

"Nor set the table, nor dust, nor iron your own shirtwaists, nor—"

"Now, mother, I didn't say all that, did I?"

"No, child, but you meant it. You aren't in a very contented frame of mind, today."

"I wonder," chimed in Aunt Molly, "if anybody's ever in a really and truly contented frame of mind. I don't think so."

"Oh, yes, Aunt Molly, there must be some. Just look at Elise and Bob and Aunt Helen. They must be perfectly contented with all the good times they have."

"Maybe," said mother doubtfully, "but you'll have a splendid chance to prove it next week, when you visit them."

"Oh, yes!" cried May Ellen, "and I'll be happy, too. You will see."

One week later May Ellen Potter of Middleborough went to visit her Aunt Helen Fiske, with a very doubtful feeling in her heart. All the doubts and fears vanished, however, when Aunt Helen, Elise, and Bob welcomed her warmly. Yet, somehow, that night when she went to bed, May Ellen found something else to wish for. "I'm glad," she said to herself, "that it was too late to dress for dinner, tonight. But what will I look like to-morrow night, away to dinner, next to Aunt Helen and Elise? I wish I had a nicer evening dress!"

The next day May Ellen had her first experience in real society. (The dances at home hadn't been society; they'd been just—just fun!)

"It is perfectly wonderful," she wrote home to her mother. "We do everything. Yesterday we went out to lunch with some

friend of Elise's, in a great big house, and had the most delicious things to eat. I've always thought raw oysters would make me sick, but we had 'em and they were awfully good. Aunt Helen is just as nice as she can be. Bob and Elise quarrel an awful lot with each other, but they are great fun with me."

"It rained yesterday afternoon so we didn't go out. I felt rather homesick, I guess. If you and Aunt Molly and father, and Alfred and the baby were only here, it would be perfect. Poor Aunt Helen! I guess she misses Uncle Ran terribly. I'm glad I have father. It must be horrid for Elise—and Bob, too, though he never says anything about it."

Three days later May Ellen returned home. "Yes, it was pretty hot on the train; my trunk cheek's in my purse," she said in response to inquiries, without enthusiasm. "Yes, Al, it was splendid, perfectly great."

But that night, as she knelt on the hearth rug, with her head in her mother's lap, she said suddenly, "It's nice to be back home."

"Yes, dear?" said mother. May Ellen sat for a few minutes looking into the fire. Then she said, "They have a lot of good times and things like that, and so did I; but—I think—Aunt Molly was wrong when she said no one was content, ever, because I'm perfectly contented now, at home with you. And mother, I see now, it doesn't take good times to make people happy. Elise never sat this way with Aunt Helen, and Bob, I'm sure, doesn't mean to her what Al does to me. And I'm so glad I have you and father and everybody. I'm perfectly happy just as I am."

JULIA DOUGHTY, '22.

BEREFT.

The twilight shadows deepen
Into shades of night;
The hearth fire now is dying
Which late was flaming bright.
An aged mother, old and gray
Holds something in her hand.
The wind moans softly, soothingly,
And seems to understand.

The shadows shift and flicker
O'er the bent form sitting there;
The last gleam seems to linger
On the treasured lock of hair.
The moaning wind, the dying flames,
In tend'rest sympathies,
Softens as they bring to her
A rush of memories.

She sees again with a mother's eyes
Her little loving boy;
She thinks of dreams, ah, vanished dreams,
Of future pride and joy.
But are her hopes quite shattered?
And is her pride quite gone?
Has not he done his duty
As a patriotic son?

'Tis true, though slight the comfort
When longing for the dead!
But yielding to her duty
At length she knelt and said,
"Oh Lord! I know Thy ways are best
Though You took my only one.
I bow my head to Thee and say,
'Thy will, not mine, be done.'"

LUCY LEE, '22.

ABOUT SCHOOL.

President Lincoln's birthday was celebrated in this school Feb. 12 according to the Governor's proclamation. That proclamation was read by Gardner Brown and Miss Muriel Russell recited an essay on Lincoln, that was certainly well delivered. Miss Martell sang a song called "Carissima" very prettily, with Miss Connor playing the accompaniment. At the last, Mr. Marston talked to the school about the President and his opportunities and achievements. The exercises were very interesting, the only thing to regret being that Mr. Bamford, who was expected to speak of his commander-in-chief in the Civil War, was unable to come.

J. F. D., '22.

On Monday evening, February 16, at the Town Hall, the pupils of the Manning High School presented a comic opera, entitled "Captain Crossbones."

All of the parts were taken by mem-

bers of the school. Those taking the principal parts were:

Don Cubeb de Cigarro, a Spanish
Grandee, Raymond Sullivan, '20
Dona Isabella, his wife, Mary Martel, '21
Theresa, their daughter, Cleola Davis, '20
Richard Stoneybroke, an American
planter, Maynard Whittier, '21
Bill Pilgrim, a retired Pugilist,
Vincent Cunningham, '23
Miss Pelling, Theresa's governess,
Beatrice Connor, '20
Eleanor, an American heiress,
Kathleen Harrigan, '22
Captain Bombastio, of the Island
Police, George Andrews, '22
Anthony Law, chief adviser to Rich-
ard Stoneybroke, Louis Bean, '20
Postmistress, Dorothy Hall, '21
Zim and Zam, of the Island Police.
Howard Doughty, Lawrence King, '21
There were also several choruses such

as the servants of Don Cubeb, the pirates and the wives and sweethearts of the pirates. The costumes were very elaborate as well as becoming, especially those of the principals.

Miss Pelling and Anthony Law deserve special mention. Miss Pelling had a very dignified part and carried it out to perfection. Anthony Law took the part of a legal adviser. He was supposed to have an air of authority throughout the entire opera. This part was also carried out very effectively.

The opera met with surprising success and was patronized by many of the townspeople. The Proceeds are to go towards a bronze tablet which is to bear the names of our High School boys who served in the World War.

C. E. D., '20.

On Friday, February twentieth, pupils gathered in the Hall to celebrate Washington's Birthday. The exercises were opened by a selection taken from Washington's "Farewell Address" given by Mr. Raymond Sullivan. He was followed by Mr. Nathan Sushelsky who spoke creditably a selection from Pres. McKinley's "Address on Washington's Foreign Affairs." The next in order was a piano solo by Miss Beatrice Connor. As the piece was a difficult one Miss Connor showed herself to be a fine player. After the music Miss Rosamond Reilly read a poem entitled "Washington." Miss Dorothy Hall then read some interesting personal facts about the father of our country and Miss Bernice Narkum read a selection entitled "Our Relations with Europe."

L. M. L., '22.

NOTES FROM 1918.

Vivian Russell is a sophomore at Mt. Holyoke College.

Pauline Prime is at Salem Normal.

Lillian Richardson, Lillian Chisholm, Margaret Ryan and Esther Hirtle are filling office positions in Rowley, Newburyport and Salem.

Ivan Kent is at the United Shoe Co.

George Gordon is working at home.

Beatrice Mansfield is working at Marblehead.

NOTES FROM 1919.

Cora Benedix is attending Laselle Seminary, at Auburndale.

Althea Hayes is at Marycliff Academy, Arlington Heights.

Ellen O'Brien, Thelma Damon and Margaret Reilly are attending Salem Normal School this year.

Edith Spyut and Lucy Sturgis are attending Burdett.

Georgia Reid and Elsie Jones are attending Boston University.

Austin Caverly and Samuel Gordon are taking post-graduate courses at Manning High.

Lucy Bailey has a position in the office of John Hancock Co., Boston, Mass.

Myrtle Goditt has a position in the office at the Ipswich Mills.

Ethelinda and William Tucker are attending Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vermont.

Cleon Johnson is at Amherst "Aggie."

Spencer King has a position at the Ipswich Mills.

ATHLETIC NOTES

FOOTBALL

The football team of '19 was not up to the usual standard of Manning High. The boys were handicapped greatly by the lack of a coach. Late in the season Horace Perkins, a former end, assisted the team after business hours. Another handicap was the weight of the team which was unusually light, averaging 125 pounds. The

boys went through the season without any headgear, pads or football shoes. The boys played teams which outweighed them 20 pounds a man. The boys deserve credit for their gameness in playing their hardest in every game of the season.

Those who earned their M's are:

George Andrews	Vincent Cunningham	Richard Ralph
Louis Bean	Leo Dondero	John Reilly
George Benedix	Samuel Goodhue	Bernard Sullivan
Gardner Brown	William Hayes, Capt.	Raymond Sullivan
James Burke	Duncan Noble	

The first game of the season was with Framingham High coached by Leslie Milard, a Manning High graduate. The boys were greatly outmatched in weight. They struck the Framingham line hard but could make no gain.

guard and opened up many holes for Ewing.

Nov. 14.

Methuen, 38 Manning, 0

The game was played on a wet muddy ground and Manning High could not work its end runs. Methuen played a rough game and resorted to many tricks.

Nov. 1.

Amesbury, 45 Manning, 0

Amesbury High had a well drilled team that completely outclassed Ipswich.

Nov. 11.

Saugus, 56 Manning, 6

Manning High lost its last game of the season.

The boys were unable to practice for two weeks previous owing to the late closing hour school. R. M. S., '20.

The score:

Framingham, 52 Manning, 0

Oct. 18.

Saugus, 28 Manning, 0

Oct. 25.

Essex County Agricultural

School, 34 Manning, 7

Bean starred for Ipswich, breaking up many plays and scoring for Ipswich. Ralph was unable to play on account of a strained wrist and was sorely missed. Cunningham played his first game of the season at

HOCKEY.

The Orange and Black was represented by one of the best hockey teams in years. Unfortunately owing to the weather conditions only two games were played.

The first game, which was with the Es-

sex County Agricultural School, resulted in a 2 to 1 score in favor of Manning High. Herrick scored the "Aggies" only goal in the first period. Shortly after B. Sullivan tied the score for Manning. The outcome

was decided by a shot from mid-rink by Goodhue which lodged in the cage.

Ipswich defeated Danvers High in a very exciting game by a score of 2 to 1.

The line up:

M. H. S. Danvers High
Andrews, Witham, Benedix, l. w.

Davarenne, r. w.

Viden, c.

B. Sullivan, rover Calliga, r.

Goodhue, right wing Putnam, l. w.

R. Sullivan, cover point Brown, c. p.

Hayes, Callahan, point Moriarty, p.

Bean, goal Payne, g.

Goals were made by Brown, Goodhue and Davarenne. Time, two ten minute

periods, one five minute extra period.

Those who have earned letters in hockey are:

George Andrews.

Louis Bean.

George Benedix.

Gardner Brown.

Walter Callahan.

Vincent Cunningham.

Samuel Goodhue.

William Hayes

Franklin Hulbert.

Bernard Sullivan (capt.)

Raymond Sullivan.

Fred Witham.

R. M. S., '20.

STRAY SHOTS.

Miss Mann (In Ancient History)
"Who were the Eupatrids, Miss Shaw?"

Miss Shaw: "They were the nobles."

Miss Mann: "Where did they live?"

Miss Shaw: "In the Esophagus."

Mr. Marston: "The sun's out now.
Fine day to settle down and do your lessons, pupils."

Then,—a few days later, "It's raining hard. A splendid time to get your work done!"

A Junior Class meeting is one of the best imitations of Russia in existence. Ask the president and he'll tell you it is.

Miss Wood: "Goodhue, what are you doing?"

Sammy: "Waiting for the bell to ring."

Miss Silva, in Commercial Geography,—
"Perley, what kind of a machine is used to sow wheat?"

Perley—"A sewing machine."

Bean, the violinist,—"They say that jazz music is dying out."

Sullivan—"The last time I heard you play, it certainly was suffering terribly."

One of the boys in the Sophomore French Class seemed very anxious to know how to say "Good Night" in French. I wish he would introduce us to her.

They say George has brain fever from over studying.

Nonsense! Can an angleworm get water on the knee?

"Callahan, what is a polygon?"

"A polygon?" replied Callahan after some hesitation, "Why, that must be a dead parrot."

George Andrews does not seem to come to school much since he got that box of candy.

We're sorry,—we all know how it feels, George.

Doughty had forgotten to prepare his homework—the reason for this remark by.

Miss Wood: “May I hold you after school, Doughty?”

Teacher: It is quite easy to travel around in New York City because there is but one central avenue.

Pupil: Just like Rowley.

Mrs. Cushman: “What is a synonym, Miss Scales?”

Miss Scales: “A word you use when you can’t spell the other one.”

Mrs. Cushman in Eng. III.—“What did you say Doughty?”

Doughty—“I was talking to Miss Hall.”

Hodgkins mistranslates Rosa for Cornelius.

Miss Woods, “Oh no, Hodgkins, they’re not one yet.”

Looking at a memorial tablet, which says, “Well done good and faithful servant.” Miss Shaw speculatively remarks, “Now, I wonder if that means well cooked.”

Mr. Whipple—“What contains carbon?”

Pupil—“Nuts.”

Mr. Whipple—“Yes, in fact, all nuts,” waving his hand around the room.

A “preparedness” maid bought a trousseau,

Although she was foolish to dosseau

For fate made her wait

So long for a mate,

It soon would not fit ’cause she grousseau.

Mr. Whipple asked us to describe the Fire Department.

Rowley pupil: “What shall we do?”

Mr. Whipple: “Describe the Rowley Fire Department.

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